THE PILGRIM
OF
OUR LADY OF MARTYRS

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FIRST SUFFERINGS OF FATHER JOGUES.

BY REV. CAMILLE DE ROCHEMONTEIX, S.J.

THE three captives understood to what kind of treatment the ferocity of their captors had destined them, but their devotion to Father Jogues prevailed over every personal consideration. Couture was stripped of his garments and beaten with clubs; they tore out his nails, chewed his fingers with their teeth, ran a knife through his hand, and sawed off his thumb with a shell. Not a quiver of suffering betrayed itself on his countenance. At last, after all this torture, he was sent to a village of the Agniers as a slave in the family of a chief who had perished in battle. He could have escaped and Father Jogues counselled him to do so. "Father," answered Couture, "try to escape, yourself. As soon as I see that you are no longer here, I will find the means to get away. You know perfectly well that I live as a captive only through love of you. Do what you can, therefore, to get away, for I will not give a thought to my liberty or my life until I see you in safety."

Ahastirari, the Indian, underwent still more atrocious treatment. When he arrived among the Agniers he was subjected to the same trials as Couture. They tore off his scalp and cut off his two thumbs, and drove a stick which had been hardened in the fire up through his arms until it came out in the elbow; when finally, after having burned every part of his body, they cut off his head with a knife.

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Father Jogues was looking on at all this and exhorting him to keep up his courage. "Remember," he said, "that there is another life. Remember that God is looking on and will recompense all the agony that you are undergoing for Him." "I remember all that," said the neophyte, "and I will not yield." The three other Hurons succeeded in escaping, but a nephew of Ahastirari sank under the blow of a tomahawk, whilst young Theresa was forced to marry an Iroquois warrior; but, nevertheless, always remained a faithful Christian. Twelve years later a missionary met her at Onandaga, and we find these words in his journal: "My God! What a sweet consolation to meet so much faith in the heart of a savage living in captivity, and without any other help than heaven above. God makes apostles everywhere, and to this Huron woman are we indebted for the first baptism of an adult at Onandaga."

René Goupil was slain soon after. Like all the prisoners, he suffered from starvation, from fire, and all the horrible torments which the savage mind of the Indian could invent. But his sufferings never succeeded in putting a check upon his zeal. In his captivity he constantly sought for opportunities to spread the faith. One day when an old man with whom he lived saw him make the sign of the cross on the forehead of a child, he cried out to his nephew, "Go and kill that dog of a Frenchman." In the evening, when Goupil was coming back from the woods with Father Jogues, the nephew approached and slew him with a blow of a tomahawk. In this young *donné* Father Jogues lost a most devoted friend, the dearest of all his companions in captivity. He was slain on the 29th of September, 1642, after having pronounced the vows which united him to the Society of Jesus.

We have not said anything of the horrible treatment which the missionary had to undergo. His martyrdom, which lasted twelve months, was of the most cruel description. The reason of their fury is given by Bresani. "The Iroquois," said he, "look upon the priest as their enemy, not so much because he is European, for they are friendly with the Dutch, but because he is the friend and protector of the Hurons with whom they

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are at war. Moreover, they hate our holy faith, which they consider to be a sort of magic. They have an especial horror for the sign of the cross because the Dutch have taught them that it is superstition."

Father Jogues' suffering began on the day he was made a prisoner. We shall not enter into the details which the reader will find elsewhere described at length, by those who were concerned in those savage deeds as well as by some of the Dutch who were living at Fort Orange. It will be sufficient to indicate a few of the excesses which were committed by his executioners. On the very first day they tore off his finger-nails, chewed his thumbs with their teeth and beat him so dreadfully with clubs that he fell on the ground for dead. They picked him up, put him in a canoe and brought him to the country of the Agniers sailing up the river Richelieu and across Lake Champlain. On the journey they treated him as a slave. He was a sort of beast of burden to carry their packs. When they reached the Agnier territory they brought him from village to village subjecting him everywhere to the mockery of the people, by placing him on an improvised platform in the middle of the village. There everyone gave himself the pleasure of *caressing* him as the Iroquois expressed it. They tore out his beard and his hair. They cut off his left thumb. They made him run the gauntlet between two lines of Indians. His flesh was lacerated and torn with hooks to the very bones, and the children, as if to make their apprenticeship of cruelty, drove knives into his agonizing flesh, and covered his naked body with hot coals or burning ashes. With cords made from the bark of a tree they suspended him by his arms to two posts. "My suffering was so great then," said Father Jogues, "that I begged my executioners to loosen my bonds a little; but God permitted that the more I begged the tighter they drew them. Night brought me no rest, for the women and children swarmed round me to torment me in every conceivable manner."

Gangrene then set in, and he became an object of horror. The Indians, with a refinement of cruelty, relented a little but only in order to make him undergo other torments later. It is

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impossible to understand how Father Jogues did not succumb to the violence and ceaselessness of these sufferings.

During two months after the murder of Goupil he expected every day to be killed, and only by a special protection of Providence did he escape the clubs of his executioners. At this time he lost the other thumb. During the winter he was sent from family to family. He followed his masters in their hunting expeditions, carrying on his shoulders their sacks of meal, smoked meat and wood. In the night he slept in the open air half clad. How he did not die a victim of cold is inexplicable.

At the return of spring he went with his masters on a fishing expedition. During the day they treated him like a beast of burden, using him for the hardest and most revolting work, but in the evening they gave him a little liberty which he made use of to withdraw to a neighboring hill and obtain a little peace in calm and solitude. He used to cut the sign of the cross on the bark of a tree, and on his knees with tears streaming from his eyes meditated on the sufferings of his Saviour, going over mentally all the stations of Calvary. When he thought he was alone he hummed some hymn of the Church, and by roundabout paths came back to the wigwam of his masters, but did not dare to enter for they would have thrown him out. He stretched himself on the ground or sat upon the trunk of some tree and broken down with fatigue and hunger slept while thinking of God, and waited the awakening of the savages to take up again his labor as a slave. "How often in these days," he said, "I wept at the remembrance of Sion, not only of the triumphant Sion of the heavens but of the one that glorifies God upon earth? How often in that strange land I sang the canticles of the Lord, and made the forests ring with the praise of their Maker? How often I have cut the name of Jesus on the trees which reared themselves aloft in the forests."

In these days of comparative liberty he could have easily escaped. He did not do so although he was condemned to a life worse than a thousand deaths. "I have resolved to live and to die on this cross," he said, "for who could in my absence

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console and absolve the French captives?" Who could recall the Christian Hurons to their duties, who could regenerate the children in the waters of baptism, provide for the salvation of the dying, and instruct those who are in health?"

God blessed his zeal. "Without counting the persons, French and Huron whom I have aided, consoled and confessed, I have," said he, "during my captivity regenerated in the waters of baptism seventy persons, children, young men and old of five nations and of different languages."

PROGRESS IN THE CAUSE OF ENGLISH MARTYRS.*

BY JOHN HUNGERFORD POLLEN, S.J.

THE slow progress of causes of canonization is proverbial even at Rome. To advert to only one modern instance, our present Holy Father concluded, during his year of Jubilee, the canonization of the Seven Holy Founders of the Servites, which had been before the Papal Tribunals for over six centuries. The cause of our own Martyrs is in reality over three hundred years old, if we reckon (as we should) from the first concession made by Gregory XIII in 1584.

Nowadays, moreover, the rate of speed must, of necessity, be more measured and leisurely than ever. More documents, monuments, matters needing investigation, are known now than of old. There is, by consequence, more to inquire into, and modern methods of research are, on the whole, more thorough than the old ones were. Again, the melancholy circumstances of the Church in Rome act as a decided drag. As our Universities would be sadly hampered if all their endowments passed into the hands of a hostile power, so have the men of study among the Roman clergy been miserably crippled by the latter-day confiscations of benefices under the new rulers of the Eternal City. A still further complication has risen from the modern zeal of promoting canonization which Pope Leo has encouraged. The undermanned and overworked

* From the *Weekly Register* of London, January 10, 1902.

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Congregation of Rites has now some 260 causes before it, one or two of which (ours, for instance) contain several hundred names. The Holy Father, with his usual legislative skill, has abolished some of the old regulations which were most fruitful in delays, but much remains to be done before the old machinery will be quite competent to turn out as much as is expected of it. The quality of the work, thank God, is still admirable.

To descend to our own cause in particular. The first preliminaries to the modern cause were taken in 1855, the first process was held in London in 1874, the first formal concessions came from Rome in 1886. The detailed account of the progress made down to the death of the apostle, Father John Morris, in 1893, will be found in my *Life* of him (pp. 194–217). I now propose to survey very briefly what has been done since down to the present time.

In order to understand what follows, it will be necessary to distinguish the meanings of the terms *Blessed* and *Venerable*, *Dilati* and *Prætermissi.* The martyrs are obviously divisible into three groups: (1) Those whose cultus Rome has not yet taken into consideration; (2) those whose right to cultus she is now investigating; (3) those whose cultus she has already permitted. This last class are the *Beati:* Blessed John Fisher, Thomas More, etc., sixty-three in all. The middle class are *Venerables,* 253 in all. They comprised, roughly speaking, all martyrs posterior to Gregory's concession; the *Beati* comprise those that preceded it. The third class must be sub-divided into (*a*) *Dilati* (*i.e.*, the postponed) forty-four in all, viz.: those who were reserved for further consideration at the time when the decree for the Venerables was issued; and (*b*) *Prætermissi*, those who, for various reasons, were "passed over" in the original list of names sent up from England to Rome. The number of the latter class is large, nearly 200 in all, and is to be explained by various considerations. For instance, it was first believed that the cause of all the martyrs would be decided, more or less, *en bloc*, so that any appreciable number of insufficient cases might have prejudiced the success of the whole. Hence, unnecessary caution in curtailing the first martyr roll.

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Again, far less was known about the martyrs a quarter of a century ago than now, for at that time the Record Office Papers for the reign of Henry VIII were still unarranged. These papers are now our most abundant source of information, and have revealed to us many a tale of heroism, of which nothing was previously known. The greater part of the *Prætermissi* suffered under Henry VIII, most of the rest perished in Elizabeth's dungeons.

The cause of this third class (*Dilati* and *Prætermissi* together) will be the next on which the Sacred Congregation of Rites will pronounce. Though held in this country in 1888, and sent to Rome in 1889, it was at first unavoidably kept back while the beatification of the three Benedictine Abbots (Whiting, Beche and Farringdon) was being promoted. After a decree had been obtained for this (1895), the health of our Postulator-General, Father Torquato Armellini, S.J., began to decline, and the cause made no headway until Father Camillo Beccari came to his assistance. Father Beccari is now our vigorous *postulatore*, Father Armellini having died last summer (*R.I.P.*). The whole report of the proceedings in England—a thick folio volume—was translated into Italian, and our *avvocato* has since drawn up a *positio* and *summarium* from it, and these are at present in the press. It is to be hoped that the congregation will find time to discuss them this year, and if so, we may expect a decision in 1905.

It may be as well to say beforehand, that whereas in the previous Roman decrees, almost all the names proposed in England were accepted, the contrary will, in all probability, happen now. This will follow from the description of the *prætermissi* given above. Once, indeed, we adopt the principle that a somewhat obscure case may be referred to Rome, it becomes practically impossible to do less than refer all such cases thither. Nothing short of that will satisfy future *cultores martyrum*. They will at once acquiesce if a Roman decision were given against arguments in favor of honoring liturgically some Catholic confessor or quasi-martyr, though they would not be satisfied with any other ruling. Hence the prospect that our professedly comprehensive lists of *Prætermissi* will be a good deal short-

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ened during their next revision. It will be better so, for we should all prefer a short but brilliant martyr-roll to a long and obscure one.

Meanwhile, another portion of the process of Beatification has been taken in hand in this country. In 1899, a Commission was issued from Rome directing his Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop to inquire after, collect and forward to the Sacred Congregation all the books and writings of the *Venerables.* This is technically called the *Processus Industriarum*, or *Processus de Scriptis.* Information on this subject has therefore been gathered together during the last two years. All the Catholic archives and libraries have been searched, and authenticated copies have been gathered of all the books, documents and letters which could be found. It so happens that there were but few writers among the Venerables, Father Southwell being the only author of importance. The collection has, nevertheless, reached a total of over 450 pieces (mostly correspondence). When quite finished its completeness and authenticity will be tested in due form by a commission appointed by the Cardinal, after which it will be forwarded to Rome, where judgment will be pronounced as to their freedom from errors against the Faith.

Another branch of this great cause, which has only been under consideration for a few months, is the case of the eleven Bishops deposed and imprisoned by Elizabeth for resisting her changes in religion. They died in durance, and if it were clear that they all died in consequence of their imprisonment they would unquestionably be martyrs. But this last point is always a difficult one to prove, and, moreover, before we can safely (*tuto* a qualification on which more remains to be said later) give rein to our devotion towards them, we shall want to know how they bore themselves in the great vicissitudes of the reigns of Henry, Edward, and Mary. These preliminaries are not yet cleared up, but they are being investigated. It looks as though the last struggle of the old hierarchy may now be honored with honor such as only the Catholic Church can give.

This leads me on to advert to what well-wishers to the mar-

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tyrs should do and what they should avoid doing in order to promote their canonization. It must, above all things, be remembered that canonization is regarded by Rome as a sanction set upon existing cultus, as well as an incitement to future devotion. It is not a *motus proprius* made on the Pope's initiative, but a response to the collective prayer of some great section of Christianity given after the demonstration that the devotion to the Saint in question is proof against all the objections which an ever-envious and fault-finding world is likely to bring against it. Before we can demonstrate that, it is essential that all the acts of our martyrs, their *Lives*, their works, letters, the relations of their trials, the accusations brought against them of old—in fact, everything that is known about them—should be made practically accessible to all inquirers. This will mean a good deal. The whole body of evidence could not be published, I fancy, in less than half a dozen such volumes, as are issued year after year by our Government, under the title of *Calendars of State Papers*. Some organization and a good deal of coöperation would be necessary to complete such a task. But if the *Cultores Martyrum* would produce the demand, the men and the money would be soon forthcoming.

This is one of the necessary conditions for the success of the cause. The other is the care that our Martyrs get their proper share in the "devotions" of the faithful, that their monuments find due place in our churches, that they may be invoked in our liturgies, that their feasts be solemnized with due solemnity. When asked for special or miraculous favors, they should be petitioned in the joint invocation of "Blessed and Venerable" Martyrs of England. A miracle worked in answer to such prayer would assist the canonization of all.

But here a word of warning is requisite to prevent exaggerations which would result in no little harm to the progress of the cause. The Church severely forbids anyone to attempt to forestal her judgment of canonization, or to force or "cook" the cultus of any servant of God, by paying him more honor than has been declared to be his due. A special inquiry (called a *Processus de non cultu*) into this matter must be in-

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stituted before "solemn" Beatification, and we may expect one to be ordered in this country in due course. To prevent any abuses creeping in, it will be well to remember that a Martyr who may be styled Venerable, may not on that account be allowed any open honor *in* church. His relics must not be exposed there, but kept in the sacristy. His picture may not be venerated on an altar, and nowhere may it have *rays*. He may never be called Saint. I will conclude by quoting from Father Morris some limits of cultus payable to a *Beato*. "It is forbidden to dedicate altars or churches to a *Beato*, so that the title of the altar or church be taken from his name. Hence the picture of a *Beato* cannot be the principal altar-piece, but may only be a secondary picture placed before and beneath the altar-piece. His portrait, or statue, may have a *radiating nimbus*, not an *aureola*, or circle of light. The relics of a *Beato* may be exposed for veneration, but must not be carried in procession. A votive Mass of a *Beato* is not allowed, and his feast can be celebrated only in the churches of that country, diocese, or order to which this privilege has been granted by the Holy See."

(*To be continued.*)

THE WAY OF THE CROSS.

THE Way of the Cross is a cruel way,
So long, and rough, and steep ;
It lies o'er wastes all bare and grey,
And rivers swift and deep.

And it leads through many a thorny brake
That wound the tender feet ;
But daring all for His dear sake
Will make the journey sweet.

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If thou wouldst follow the Way of the Cross
  That leads to Calvary,
Thou must endure both pain and loss,
  And bitter agony.

But glorious the light that will one day shine
  On thee, from God's great throne;
And oh, what welcome will be thine
  When He redeems His own.

EVA MOLESWORTH.

THE ROYAL WAY OF THE CROSS.

THIRD STATION.

JESUS FALLS BENEATH THE WEIGHT OF THE CROSS.

JESUS walked beneath a heavy cross. From the hour, when, in the garden of Gethsemani, the soldiers, under the guidance of the traitor, had apprehended Him and even from the supper itself, Jesus had neither drunk nor eaten. He had passed a night without rest and without sleep, in a dungeon of the priest Annas; in the morning He was subjected to an insidious examination by this first judge. Then they had Him dragged to Caiphas, from there to Pilate's house; Pilate had Him sent to Herod, who had Him robed in the white garment of fools. They had Him again brought back to Pilate, always amid the injuries and the curses of an infuriated mob. Pilate had Him scourged, and the whips of the Roman soldiers had cut long, bloody furrows in His innocent and pure flesh; very often a victim died beneath their rods and whips. Jesus remained standing, but His blood had gushed forth from a hundred gashes. And they procured new joy for themselves, by crowning the king of the Jews, sold by the Jews, with thorns. From His beautiful forehead, and from His whole head the blood had trickled in purple streams, dyeing His countenance, suffusing His eyes and His neck.

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And it is then, exhausted of strength and life, while His wounds, still open, were bleeding beneath His garments, it is then that with such courage, He took up the cross !

But soon, despite His great courage, His poor body became exhausted, His breast heaved, His limbs, sustained for a long time by a will stronger than pain, finally weaken, His knees become unsteady, He falls—the cross falls upon Him.

There was excitement among the people ; they believed that their victim had escaped them—when they saw that Christ still lived, they recovered and resumed their cries and their insults. The Roman soldiers brutally lifted up the condemned, and without pity for a Jew, who moreover deserved to die, and whom they despised as they despised all Jews, without giving Him an instant's respite, replaced the cross on His shoulders and drove Him forward.

And Jesus, pale and bood-stained, walked on.

. . . .

To bear its cross with courage, to accept the sorrow when God offers it the chalice, is the characteristic of a great and noble soul. It is the first step towards Calvary. Let it be difficult if it will, the Christian arrives there.

A certain exaltation from the very first, an enthusiasm which always inspires a noble soul, whenever there is the conviction of a great work to be fulfilled, whenever there is the consciousness of a great trial to be undergone, these are the very human feelings which help us to attain to the heroism of accepting the cross. At the outset, there would be few hearts which would not be ready for martyrdom.

But there is something harder still than sorrow, and that is the continuance of sorrow. When exaltation and enthusiasm depart, and when man relapsing into his ordinary state of mind finds himself face to face with lasting sorrow, ah, how weak he then finds himself ! To suffer for a day, yes, man can do that; he will find in his heart strength and courage for this; but to suffer for weeks, for months, for years, always the same sorrow, always the same torment, always the same anguish, it is too much for his poor feeble will ; it falls crushed and the cross falls down upon it.

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Question that poor soul lying there thus bruised, afflicted, it will answer you amid its tears, "Oh! it is hard to suffer, I have no more courage, why does not God let me die!" Yes, it would be much sweeter to die!

May God keep me from reproaching a man with that failure of will, that draining away of his courage, for Jesus Christ Himself fell to encourage him to bear these things. Surely neither the will of the Master nor His courage weakened, but the strength of His body overmastered the energy of His soul. With us, poor as we are, body and soul, everything falls, and our will weakens as well as our strength.

Oh my divine Master, how well you understand our poor hearts! You know then that our wills are things of an hour, of an instant; that our strength is as the wind which passes, as a light which shines suddenly and which is lost in the night. No, You are not surprised at seeing us so weak and our falls do not turn You from us. You have had pity on us. You have willed to fall with us! But, O Jesus, you rise and shall not we rise? Shall we remain there, lying in the dust, without making a fresh effort? Arise, Christian, take up thy cross again, as Jesus Christ took up His again and walked forward.

But it is not only in the presence of sorrow that we ought to nerve ourselves, for it is not only from sorrow that we fall. The road of duty is for us another road to Calvary and how many are the falls along this road! Duty is hard for man, it is difficult, it is painful; to love it he must have a stern heart. And while duty presents itself under an appearance cold and repelling, passion, warm, smiling, alluring, murmers in his ears. Man thus lives between these two opposing inclinations from the instant in which reason awakes, even to the hour in which he reposes in death. In the interval, what is his history? I except the saints, rare, however, in this case, whom God prevents by some exceptional grace. What is the history of man, between his conscience and his desires, between his duty and his passion?

It is the history of a ship, which before contrary winds, turns her sail now to the right, now to the left, and making headway only by tacking. He goes from one to the other, he

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quits duty and he follows his passion, he comes back to his duty, he returns to his passion, and thus his life runs on. The elect, the saved, are those who, always returning to their duty, find themselves in its path in the silent hour in which God calls them. The damned, the lost, are those who, tired of tacking, abandon themselves, all sail down, to the course of evil.

And yet once again, these falls and relapses are the property of our human nature; he who does not compassionate, he who has no pity for those who fall, has not the spirit of Christ. If he comes in contact with a soul, he makes it despair—*Nescitis cujus spiritus estis.*

But the fallen soul must arise, though it falls a hundred times, a thousand times, though each step be marked by a fall, it must rise again. God is always ready to grant His pardon, why should we not be always ready to ask it?

Ah! poor souls, for God's sake I beg of you not to lose courage! When a mother is teaching her little child to walk, if it falls, does she not pity it? And how often, while its little limbs are weak and awkward, how often does it not fall! But if that babe enters the world, misshapen and deformed, will she be angry? Ah! would she be a mother! Well, does not God love us more than any mother? Does He not know that we have come into this world with our intellects blinded and our wills feeble? And God would not have pity! Without doubt evil irritates Him, without doubt our faults cause Him horror, but at the first movement of the soul which returns to Him and implores His help, how He stretches out His arms to it.

Rise then, poor soul, arise!

The Fourth Station.

JESUS MEETS MARY, HIS MOTHER.

The fugitive disciples had tried, no doubt, to conceal from Mary all the horror of the fate of her Son, but very soon, warned by the shouts of the crowd, which came swelling from the distance as if the air was bearing them along with it, she

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learned all, and she flies. Her Son! She will see her Son! Love urges her step, anguish rends her heart. Through the narrow streets of Jerusalem, shortening her journey she goes with hurrying steps, and suddenly at a turn of the road, there He is before her, pale, covered with blood, bent beneath the cross which is crushing Him.

O mother, this is thy Son!

A cry of supreme anguish escapes from the Virgin; neither the crowd nor the soldiers stop her, and, sobbing, her two arms about the neck of her Son, she covers Him with her kisses. "*Nec potuit dicere verbum,*" says St. Boniface. "She could not say a word." She did not speak, she wept, and just as tradition puts no word on her lips, it puts no word on the lips of Jesus Christ. What need have a mother and a son to speak to understand one another! Their tears spoke, their sorrowful tears, and their hearts touched one another.

O Mary! Poor Mary! Behold then thy Son, thy only Son, the well-beloved of thy womb! That Jesus, so beautiful, whom you have so often lulled to sleep on your knees, whom you caressed with so much love, that Jesus whom you hastened to conceal in Egypt to escape from the jealousy of Herod, that Jesus, who, having lived under thy virginal gaze for thirty years, leaves you to go to teach and save His people—behold what that people is now doing to Him. Oh, do not then leave Him, thy Son, again; do not leave Him any more, Mother, He is going to die!

There is, in the look of a mother, a dominating characteristic. It made the crowd and the soldiers instinctively draw back, just as, they say, that at Florence, a lion, frightened by a mother's look and by a mother's cry, stood still, trembled, and dropped the child that he was about to carry off. But that noble instinct was soon extinguished by the seething of base passions. They tore Jesus from Mary, the procession, stayed for a minute, aroused itself and continued its march. Mary, in the crowd, followed her Son with her eyes, and walked along with Him.

Jesus advanced, more firmly it would seem, and as if reanimated by His mother. One loving heart at least was accom-

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panying Him along the journey of His suffering. He was no longer to suffer alone.

I thank you, Lord, for having permitted that the first mark of love which was shown you along that dolorous way, was from a mother's heart! Oh! the love of a mother! Among all other loves, what compares to that! It was worthy Lord, to touch You and console You, though You had all other loves! Other loves will come to You, oh my God, but as it were, in Your abundance; this love will never leave you again. Behold then the first consolation offered to Jesus.

I learn a lesson from the Master in His most natural capacity. You suffer, my child. Go then to your mother and there in her arms your tears will be soon dried! What need have I to give this counsel? Our heart naturally inclines and goes towards a mother's heart. And when a mother sees her child suffer, oh! how sweet her voice becomes. Oh, how warm her love! Oh, how tender and ardent her caresses, as if she had no thought of herself, but of Him, Him her child, flesh of her flesh, blood of her blood, life of her life. See, then, Monica and Augustine on the shore where the ocean came to exhaust at their feet its dying surge. But why need I recall Augustine and Monica? Have we not all had a mother? Have we forgotten how she loved us? Have we not seen her eyes and her smile, have we not heard her voice and the pleasant sweetness of her words, have we not felt her caresses on our cheeks, her kisses on our lips?

Who does not know what a true refuge our soul has there!

But alas, however little a man goes on in years, following the ordinary course of nature, soon nothing more will be left of this ineffable love but the memory . . . to go to his mother, he must go down to the home of the dead and even there what will he find? Lifeless dust which can no longer speak to or understand him. What! Is that all that is left of her who has loved us so much?

Ah! when shall we cast aside these gross ideas of men, to believe at last and to live in the light of faith?

Dead, our mother! No, she lives, she sees us, she hears us, she loves us and across the mysterious depths which separate

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the exile from his country, the world from heaven, the earth from paradise, she still surrounds us with her tenderest and most consoling affections. Why do we no longer go to her? Why do we no longer speak to her? Why do we not show her our poor, bruised hearts?

But this is not all; on Calvary, where Christ mounts, a second mother will be given us. The Virgin, who restrains her tears and represses her sobs, in following her Son along the dolorous journey, Mary, the Queen of Sorrows, will become our mother. She also will bend over us, as she bent over Him. She also will have pity on us and will look upon us with compassion. She also, by her presence, will console us and will give us new strength.

Courage then, oh my soul, no more than your Master, are you alone when you suffer: there are two hearts which weep with you, which love you, which console you. Though you shall be abandoned by all, alone in the world, alone in your suffering, these two hearts will still be near you. The heart of your mother and the heart of Mary, the mother of Jesus Christ, your mother also. You are suffering, O my soul, but you are suffering less than the Master and yet your lips can drink from the very same cup consolation and sweetness.

. . . .

This consoling power of the Holy Virgin, the true mother's love which she bears for those who suffer, this tenderness with which she surrounds them . . . what need to insist on these things? Does not every Christian heart know them and has it not had experience of them? She is so truly our mother.

"You will see sometimes," says Bossuet, "a mother caress most tenderly her child, for no other reason than that in her opinion, it is the perfect image of herself. That is the way, she will say, that it holds its hands, that is the way it moves its eyes, that action, and that face is just like her. Mothers are ingenious in observing even the slightest details." And what is all this, if not, as it were, a hunt, if I may use the expression, in which the affection of a mother engages—who, not content with loving her son in his own person, seeks everywhere to find some likeness of him. And if they are so moved at some

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rough resemblance, what shall we say of Mary, when she sees in Christians those immortal signs of the perfect beauty of her divine Son, which the finger of God has imprinted so deeply in their souls?

But there is something more. We are not only the living images of the Son of God, we are besides, His members; we compose with Him a body of which He is the head; we are His body and his fullness, as the Apostles teach. It is this which attracts so strongly towards us the affection of the holy Virgin, and no mother can love us more than she.

Go, Christians, to that incomparable mother. Believe that she will not distinguish you from her own Son, she will look upon you as "flesh of her flesh and as bone of her bone," as persons on whom and in whom her own blood is flowing, and, to go further, she will regard each one as another Jesus Christ on earth. The love which she bears her own Son will be the measure of that which she will bear for you, and above all, do not fear to call her your mother; she has in a sovereign degree all the tenderness that that title demands.

THE FIFTH STATION.

SIMON THE CYRENEAN HELPS JESUS TO CARRY HIS CROSS.

Christ continued His journey, still carrying His cross, but it became apparent even to His executioners, that He would not have strength sufficient for the long distance that still separated Him from Calvary. A Cyrenean happened to be passing by; ignorant of the tragedy that was being enacted, he drew near, anxious to see what could be the object that thus attracted the Jews. The soldiers seize him and make him help the condemned to carry His cross. This was a kind of service which the Roman officers on duty had the right to impose on whomsoever it seemed good to them.

Simon did not know Jesus; he was indifferent to His case, he bore Him neither love nor hate; at most he had heard men speak of the Prophet of Nazareth, who was exciting all Judea. No good sentiment could have prevailed on him to assist Jesus; perhaps, if he had a tender heart he at first pitied Him, but

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that superficial pity soon disappeared before the natural displeasure of a man on whom has been laid a heavy and unexpected burden. He could not, however, escape, he had to submit, he resigned himself. He took then on his shoulder the foot of the cross which was dragging along the ground and he carried it with Jesus.

Jesus was relieved. The weight which was crushing Him did not grow less, but it no longer dragged Him forward with painful shocks which tore open His wounds, as the wood rebounded from all the rough places of the road.

He had not regarded the indifference of Simon. He rewarded him for the good which he was doing, even with a heart perhaps unwilling. He called him to the light.

An indifferent Simon, unknown, without love or hate, and who, however, solaces us and gives us assistance in our sorrows, do we also meet him on our journey? Yes. I see his faint image in the events and circumstances that are prepared far from us, that happen independently of us, and which without removing our sorrow, give, as it were, a new course to our life and distract it.

Very frequently we cannot impute our suffering to anybody; some general causes which disquiet the world without aiming at us, overtake and strike us. A deadly pestilence passes above our heads; amid a thousand, it enters our breast, confines us to bed a prey to sickness, doomed, perhaps, to death. Where is the culprit? An industrial or a commercial crisis shakes an entire country, by some law altogether as fatal as the laws of nature, it precipitates me into ruin. Where is the culprit? A mother weeps over the grave of her child, a husband over that of his wife, a son over that of his mother; is not death one of the universal laws of humanity? Whom will you blame?

Likewise, when our sorrows come altogether, entirely, from the free will of other men, that will is not always as perverse or as malicious as at first sight we might be led to believe. Have they willed the evil they have done? Have they not been less malicious than helpless? Do they not even now perhaps grieve over an evil that they did not foresee?

And just as some circumstances, some events, some men

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make us suffer without intending it, without knowing, so too, without knowing it, without intending it, do other circumstances, other events, other men comfort us and console us.

It is a thing assuredly remarkable that at the first shock of grief it appears to us altogether insurmountable. We do not see how, under a similar shock, we can any longer live, it seems to us we are on the point of death. Time passes and we do not die! And if, after some months of that sad life, after a year, after two years, we ask ourselves how it is possible that we have surmounted the trial, we find only one answer—it is owing to the chance circumstances and events which have, as it were, come to throw a ray of light in a night that we thought would be eternal, a hope in a soul that seemed to have bid farewell to happiness. These are our Cyreneans, and we are wrong not to avail ourselves of their aid.

Neither our prosperity nor our misfortune ever attains the measure we had anticipated; nothing ever happens either for good or for evil as we had expected it; whether we look forward to a sad or a joyful future, our prevision is always exaggerated.

But why do I speak of chance events, of fatal circumstances, of blind laws? Is this a Christian way of talking? Oh, no! a thousand times, no! It is God who makes us look into the very nature of things, our good God and our Father. It is He who disposes everything about us, He who arranges the whole course of our life, He who intermingles joys and sorrows, tears and smiles, sadness and consolation. Let the road along which we walk be soever rough, it is He who has marked it out, He has made it for our steps, He has proportioned it to our forces, measured it with our courage. He loves us, and it is His love, nothing else but His love which inspires Him.

What, His love! Yes, it is His love which makes us suffer and which comforts us in our sufferings. I know well that our poor little human minds do not understand this. But God understands; He knows that it is necessary, in order that our souls may arrive at happiness. Shall we not understand it? Why, then, do we not abandon ourselves to Him? Would it not be more wise?

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Simon of Cyrene has helped Christ to carry His cross. When the Roman soldiers gave him the order, he could have objected: "Why? I am neither guilty nor am I condemned; what have I done that you should make me the companion of a criminal?"

When God permits suffering to try our courage, when He lays a part of the cross on our shoulders, who among us could say: "I am neither guilty nor am I condemned; what have I done that you should associate me with a criminal?"

We, and we alone are the true culprits, truly condemned. It is for us, to expiate our sins, that Jesus is a victim. We are they who ought to carry the whole cross—we are so inclined, when misfortune overtakes us, to cry out: "What have I done to God that He should treat me thus?" But examine yourself, listen to your own heart, review your life. Is everything so stainless in that life, in that heart?

Let us follow, then, very humbly and very submissively in the footsteps of our Master; let us take upon our shoulders the foot of the cross, which He offers us, with courage, even with joy, because he permits us to participate in His sufferings and in His expiation.

Christians, forget not that He is innocent and that we are guilty. "Nos quidem digna factis recipimus—we receive what we have deserved." Suffering entered into this world by the sin of man, God had not sent it. It has become man's chastisement; this is justice. Let us thank God.

ANNALS OF THE SHRINE.

Mass will be said at the Shrine on Sunday, April 13, the anniversary of the death of Catherine Tekagwitha.

The hotel property purchased last year by the Rev. John J. Wynne, has been transferred to the corporation of the Shrine of Our Lady of Martyrs and is now entirely under the control of this body.

For the first time the name of the Shrine at Auriesville appears this year in the Catholic Directory as a station in the Albany diocese attended by Jesuit Fathers, when it is opened for services during the summer.

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The crown of thorns in gold is now ready and a marvellously fine piece of work it is. It will be described in the *Messenger* for May, in which number there will be a fine illustration of it. Arrangements will soon be made for exhibiting it in some of our cities in which the Shrine is well known, in Providence where it was designed and made, in Boston, New York and Philadelphia. The statue will be ready in June. The day for the ceremony of blessing it and offering the crown will be determined later. The chalice will be ready in good time; offerings of gold for it will still be gratefully received.

The storm and flood which did so much damage along the Mohawk valley were the worst experienced there in forty years. It is gratifying, therefore, to learn that they did so little damage in and about Auriesville, as the following letters show.

AURIESVILLE, March 2, 1902.

DEAR REV. FATHER:

I must try to tell you what I can about the ravine. On Friday, there was a great bank of snow and ice extending across the creek on a line with the Sepulchre, and forming a dam about four feet high. The water falling over this dam had washed the creek bed to quite an extent; but after cutting all the afternoon until 11 P. M. we succeeded in breaking a channel through the ice. The water then began running in its natural channel with such force that it rolled a great many large stones on the curb near the bridge away from the ties, and for a time it seemed as if it would wash the creek bed low enough to undermine the ties. There is more water in the creek than I ever saw in it before, and never did I see such an angry stream. We could hear it roar distinctly at the hotel. Next day the danger was passed, the water subsiding without doing any serious damage.

March 20, 1902.

The weather is very fine. The song birds are here and I assure you that they are very welcome visitors after the long, cold winter. The snow has disappeared from the hill sides, and only where the large drifts accumulated is there any trace of it. The ice is thawing so fast that we expect an early spring. Everything about the Shrine looks well. The paths are in as good shape as they were last fall except about fifty feet between the chapel and the cross which has been washed out to a depth of about a foot. This will be filled in as soon as the ground dries. The road

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leading down to the ravine, which gave so much trouble formerly, shows no sign of sliding this spring. The ravine creek is behaving very well, and has apparently given up the task of breaking the embankment, contenting itself with running peaceably along. I wish you could have been here when the ice went out of the river. From the hotel bridge you could see fields of it floating along and jumping and piling up to a great height. The water backed up so far that people had to ferry across the Fultonville bridge to the railway ties, and the ferry people charged as high as two dollars a passage.

CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE SHRINE.

A.E.L., Phila	$0.50
M.L.S.H., Buffalo, N. Y.	5.00
Miss H., Boston, Mass.	1.00

FOR THE CHALICE.

K.F.R., Troy, N. Y., a gold pencil.
M.C., Troy, N. Y., a gold locket, a brooch, a gold ring and two pieces of jewelry.
Miss H., New York, a gold brooch.
J. N., Boston, five dollars in gold.
O. Mc., Scheveous, N. Y., a brooch and a gold badge.

MISSION NOTES.

THE MISSIONARY ARMY.

France supplies more than four-fifths of the missionary army of the Catholic Church. This includes, of course, religious women, who are quite essential for the care of children and others in places where converts are numerous. Religious women, who fearlessly and nobly leave home and country to face the labors, privations and dangers of the distant missionfield, are very numerous.

With scarcely more than one exception, that of the Society of Foreign Missions, all the French missionaries belong to Religious Orders. Amongst those Religious Orders, some have no work whatsoever save foreign missions.

Native missionaries are carefully selected where it is possible, and trained with great care, particularly when they are to be raised to the priesthood. The native missionaries especially when destined for a religious life or the priesthood, are often sent to France, where they receive the most excellent education

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and training. In the extreme Orient, amongst the old native Catholic families of China and Indo-China, are found very efficient and very faithful missionaries. These have not rarely shown a courage and constancy entirely heroic.

A MISSIONARY CONTRAST.

An illustration of the remarkable contrast, which is really typical, between the spirit of the Catholic missionary and that of the non-Catholic, is given by the New York *Herald* of March 21st. Two missionaries had arrived at New York, on the preceding day, by the White Star liner Teutonic. One was the Rev. M. Schoonmaker of Plainfield, N. J., who was sent to the African missions a short time ago by the authorities of the Presbyterian Church. On the way he began to consider "whether he should sacrifice his mother's happiness to the possible salvation of heathen souls." He was the oldest son, and his widowed mother had been left to his care. She had implored him, moreover, not to enter upon a missionary career. After his arrival in England he consulted Rev. John Watson (Ian Maclaren), the well-known novel writer, who advised him to return to his mother. This advice was enforced by the appearance of a young physician whom he met and who was wasted to a skeleton by African fever. So the missionary returned home. We are far from blaming him. Why should he go so far and risk his life to teach to the heathen what is at best but a doubtfully true form of Christianity for he surely cannot be absolutely certain that his form of religion is the true one.

The other missionary arriving at New York was Father Weig, nephew of Bishop Anzer, of Ratisbon, Bavaria. He had passed through all the Boxer horrors in China, where he had been condemned to die, but was saved by a mandarin. Through countless hardships he escaped to Shanghai, where he spent forty-two days in a hospital, exhausted by fever and privations. Undeterred he is going back to his former post of danger.

IN SOUTH AFRICA.

Matabeleland is in Rhodesia, just north of the South African Republics, and Bechuanaland is west of them, but on their border. Those two regions have been long annexed by England, and in them Catholic missions are favorably progressing. *The Zambesi Mission Record* is published in the interest of those and

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neighboring missions, about which it gives its readers very interesting news.

THE KRAAL FAMILY SYSTEM AMONG THE AMANDEBELE.

Although the Amandabele have considerably departed from the customs of the Zulus, their ancestors, still they retain in many ways their usages as the basis of their present mode of living. One of these is the family Kraal system.

It may as well be stated at once that the word kraal denotes the domestic establishment and usual place of residence of natives.

The upper part of a chief's kraal is occupied by his wives and secluded from common contact. There are also the dwellings of the children of the various houses, the girls having their huts nearest to their mother's hut, while the boys have theirs in front of the girls' habitations.

It must not be supposed that the kraals are circular in shape, nor that regularity or symmetry is observed in the arrangement of the various sections. The kraals are sometimes oval and often irregular in their outer boundary; still the internal dispositions of the sections are always observed in the kraals of the leading families of the country.

The sides of the kraal are facing the *isango* or main entrance by which the cattle walked into their enclosure, each kraal being provided also with smaller openings called intuba, for the convenience of the inhabitants.

The affiliation of houses is brought about by the giving of cattle or other property, generally goats, if cattle are wanting, by and on behalf of an intended husband to the father or guardian of an intended wife. This delivery of cattle or property is called *lobolo*.

In Matabeleland, marriage entered into between natives, according to native law, is not an act of religion. It is merely a civil contract entered into by and between the two parties, assisted when necessary by their respective fathers or guardians, which contract is made valid by the delivery of lobolo. In practice it is frequently not distinguishable from the purchase of a wife by a man for the purpose of begetting children, among whom the girls when marriageable are disposed of to obtain lobolo, which is used again to purchase other wives, the final object being to acquire position and substance through the possession of women and children.

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A YEAR AMONG THE BECHUANAS.

Father O'Neill, S.J., after his return from Bechuanaland, thus gives an account of his experience amongst the natives:

The people who were settled in the district of Vleeschfontein belonged to that tribe of the Bechuanas which is known as the Batlapins. They are a bright, intelligent race of good physique, some of them splendid specimens of humanity. We always found them docile, tractable, cleanly in their habits, and not adverse to work; indeed, one may doubt if any of the Kaffir tribes afford more promising material for the missionary's labors. Nearly all the men on the property had at one time or other worked in the mines of Johannesburg and Kimberly, so that they were able to speak the "taal" as well as their native tongue. This latter language is closely akin to the Sesuto (the language of the Basutos), and possesses none of the clicks which are such stumbling blocks to the European who tries to learn the Kaffir or Sulu tongues.

It had been at first no easy task to induce the natives to give ear to instructions and exhortations, but little by little they had yielded, and first one and then another had received baptism. At Vleeschfontein one witnessed real genuine piety every day. Morning after morning as regular as clockwork, practically the whole of the congregation used to come to Mass, and every evening they would all assemble in the little chapel for the public recitation of the Rosary. More than this, I have many and many a time seen men, women and children come quietly from their homes to spend a long time in silent prayer before the Blessed Sacrament.

What impressed one even more than their simple piety was their wonderful honesty. The Kaffir is rarely troubled by much delicacy of conscience in the matter *meum* and *tuum*, but our Christians of Vleeschfontein were exceptions in this respect. Where in South Africa will you see natives who finding a shilling lying on the floor of a room or in the road will bring it up to the probable owner? Yet I have seen this done at Vleeschfontein, and not once only.

The collection of habitations known as the Christian village, was well worth a visit. The dwellings stood in two rows with a broad street between; the houses nearest to the mission building were rectangular in shape, those farther away being circular like the ordinary Kaffir hut, but spacious and lofty. All alike had an

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enclosed yard at the back, and the walls, both of the houses and of the yards, shone with an almost painful whiteness, thanks to the abundance of lime to be obtained near at hand, which enabled the people to whitewash their dwellings periodically. The roofs of the huts were beautifully thatched, and always kept in excellent repair. The interiors of the houses were likewise conspicuous for order and cleanliness. The dwellings were divided into three or four rooms, so that the inmates did not huddle together in one chamber at night-time as is the case among the raw natives.

ST. MARY'S MISSION, ALMA P. O., WASH.

As seen by a Visitor.

The lover of nature in all her rugged and primitive simplicity would find much to admire should chance or pleasure-seeking lead his steps to the Omack valley in distant Washington. Were he religiously inclined, he would meet, too, near the centre of the valley, a sight at once edifying and pathetic. It is the Jesuit Mission, established under the patronage of Mary in 1887. Edifying, we say, in the order, regularity and piety that there prevail; pathetic, in the history of its struggle for existence against the inroad of ever pressing poverty. The first building erected was a small log chapel, but the generosity of a French Catholic enabled the missioner to build a second larger building, which was at once his residence and a chapel. A day school soon followed, but without means, without sisters or brothers to teach in it, without the consolation and help of even a companion priest, the task was a difficult one. But it was accomplished, and with an Indian woman for cook and her husband as prefect of the boys, and small gifts of clothing and food from the Indians themselves, a few boarding scholars were received. More than once has the missioner been tempted to abandon the school for want of means but, encouraged by the exhortation of Bishop Juncker and his successor, Bishop O'Dea, he has struggled on. There are now thirty Indian children gathered under its roof, but many more have been refused admittance. How long will he be able to continue the unequal struggle? And yet the parents of these children are anxious to give them a Catholic education, and have made many sacrifices to help the father in charge. The good already effected may be seen in Indians old and young, trained to sing at mass and benediction, and in their temperance

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roll of more than two hundred names. Shall the work be dropped? I say No, and so saying have given by mite. Who will follow? Donations may be sent to the Rev. E. de Rougé, S.J., St. Mary's Mission, Alma P. O., Okenagan Co., Wash.

AN APPEAL FROM ALASKA.

HOLY CROSS MISSION, KOSEREFSKY P.O., ALASKA, Oct. 3, 1901.
Dear Messenger of the Sacred Heart:

The Alaska Mission of the Yukon finds itself in sore need of help owing to a devastating plague which has raged lately among the Esquimaux and which, in a short time, carried off one-half of the population. It would be too long to describe the tale of horror witnessed by the missionaries during the plague. Suffice it to say that the well ones fled from shelter, from food and from home, abandoning the sick to their fate, amidst the unburied remains of the dead and exposing themselves to the horrors of starvation. The missionaries exerted themselves to their utmost nursing the sick, assisting the dying, burying the dead and distributing with unsparing hand every means at command, leaving the mission exhausted and in a crippled condition, struggling to keep on with its work and its schools. We cannot think of abandoning the field or of sending adrift the orphans whom the fearful plague left upon our hands, but we shall continue the work begun, confiding in God's Providence and trusting in the efficacy of this appeal to your generosity. Hoping you will contribute your mite of one dollar and pray for the conversion of these natives, I am sincerely yours in the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

Rev. J. L. LUCCHESI, S.J.

P.S. Contributions may be sent directly to above address, or to Rev. J. M. Piet, S.J., Gonzaga College, Spokane, Wash. We have sixteen priests on the Yukon and Mass intentions would be most welcome.

The Bureau of Catholic Indian Missions, at Washington, has just issued its first *Annual*, a neat illustrated magazine of fifty-four pages, bearing the suggestive title *The Indian Sentinel*. The reading matter is most interesting and instructive, and letters from different missionary centres evidence the work that is being done among the Indians of our Western plains and mountains, and the aid afforded them by the Bureau. The subscription price is only twenty-five cents.

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